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EXTRACT

UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPT on
SHAKER HISTORY



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EXTRACT

FROM AN

UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPT

ON

SHAKER HISTORY,

(BY AN EYE WITNESS.)

GIVING AN ACCURATE DESCRIPTION

OF THEIR

SONGS, DANCES, MARCHES, VISIONS, VISITS TO

THE SPIRIT LAND, &c.

BOSTON:

3

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INTRODUCTION.

As many people in New England have heard much of the retirement, purity, and cleanliness of a people called Shakers, and on visiting them, and hearing their own account of their method of training the young, and the inducements they generally hold out to the parents,—especially lone mothers living in large cities. [Many have been induced to Indenture their children to them, with the expectation of having them return to their home at the expiration of their minority, with good moral characters religious inclinations, and active business habits. They are told by these people, that when their children are of the age designated in the indenture, they will be at perfect liberty to return to the world if they please, or stay with them. As Shaker faith forbids persuasion or compulsion]

(There are very many sad evidences of the falsity of this assertion.) The little children are taught to believe that the world is sadly changed since they left it. — The school house the church, and every place of which the child is heard to speak, is all filled with toads or snakes.—The sun is hotter than it used to be, there is no good cooling water for thirsty little children to drink, the people have become very wicked, and God is punishing them by

letting them kill one another: And thus gradually the child is weaned from the world, and taught to believe that no little child can be so happy as the little Shaker, that the spirits of the dead come back, and dance and sing with them.) They receive messages from the spirit land forbidding them to speak or think of the world. The child grows up under these influences, and the results are felt by the poor disappointed mother, when all hope of ever receiving her son or daughter at her home have fled forever.

The object of the writer at this time, is, simply to lay before the world a few facts, of which she had been an eye witness.

CHAPTER I.

A SYNOPSIS OF THE SOCIETY CALLED SHAKERS, WITH A SHORT ACCOUNT OF MOTHER ANN LEE, THEIR FOUNDER.

To give the rise and progress of this Sect would be too great a task for me to undertake at this time. I would, however, cite the reader to books containing the fundamental principles of this society :—such as Dunlavy's *Manifesto*, the *Millennial Church Book*, *Christ's Second Appearing*, &c., written by some learned men, members of the society at new Lebanon. But things published to the world, are not the hidden treasures or pearls of Shakerism.

This Society is constituted of Ministry, Elders, Trustees, Deacons and private members.—The head of this sect is stationed at New Lebanon, in New York : or in other words the *first gift* of God rests there. The established Order at New Lebanon holds the same relation to the Shaker as Rome to the Catholic. The gifts and orders, as the Constitution and by laws are termed, are all drawn up and sanctioned by the Order of God at that place.—An Order is constituted of four persons—two of each sex,—the Ministry is composed of this number, as Elder A. and Elderess B. Brother C. and Sister D. The second never bear any other title than brother or sister. The same titles are conferred upon the order of Elders in each Family. The Trustees at the Church, or first order so called, lives in the Office ; those worthy persons are such as the ministry have proved

trusty unwavering Shakers. Their duty is to transact business with the world, and take charge of company, lest they would pass their limits, and allure the wavering and unstable minded from their most holy faith, and ruin their immortal souls. There are also Deacon and Deaconess at each Family. Their particular vocation is to distribute the clothing, see to the work, weigh and measure the family allowance for the kitchen, and take charge of whatever the Trustees place in their hands.

Each Society have three families—first, second and third. —The third or young believers order, is the door by which all persons enter, by confessing their sins to the Elders of this family; the Elders at the third and second families, confess their sins and are obedient to the Elders of the first family at the Church. Private members are obedient to the Deacons, the Deacons to the Trustees, the Trustees to the Elders, the Elders to the Ministry, the Ministry to the first order of God's anointed at New Lebanon.

'They hold God is in his creatures, and there must be worshipped; consequently, those who hold any office, are gods to those under them, and they too worship God in those still before them, and so on, to the Ministry at New Lebanon—who confess their sins to the Godhead.

This people profess to believe Christ made his Second appearance in the person of one ANN LEE, an English woman, daughter of James Lee, a blacksmith, of Manchester, England. This woman was formerly employed in a hat manufactory, Manchester,—was married to a Mr. Stanly very young,—had four or five children, all of which died in infancy. She became a zealous follower of James and Jane Wadleigh, heads of a sect of New Lights, in that place.

According to accounts given us in the Millinial Church Book, of this very extraordinary personage, she began very early in life to feel the weight of immortal souls—the awful

sinfulness of sin—and the depth of man's fall. Although she could neither read or write, yet she managed to find out something of the Scriptures by others; this will account for her predilection for the Apocrypha. I have been told by an Eldress, that Mother always said that the Apocrypha was the cream of the Bible.

We read she labored day and night incessantly, to discover the root of all evil, and becoming convinced beyond a doubt where it laid, she opened a flaming testimony against it, which called down upon her head showers of persecution, too cruel for long endurance. Tradition tells us her father, husband, brother and adopted son, with James and Jane Wadleigh, acknowledged her their head, and conferred on her the name of Mother, which name she has ever since retained, as mother in the new creation.

By continual fasting and prayer—deep agony of soul—incessant cries—groans—tears and entreaties,—by day and by night, she wasted away, till becoming helpless, her followers were under the necessity of taking her in their arms as an infant, it is said she was fed with pap from a spoon, the larger portion of the time she was travelling to the NEW BIRTH.—She travailed nine years in the manner above-mentioned, when her labors for herself ceased—she was born in the regeneration—completely redeemed from all the propensities of a fallen nature, in July, 1760.

At this period is dated the commencement of the Millenium, or Christ's Second Appearing. (They think this the time spoken of by Jeremiah the Prophet. "Again I will build thee, and thou shalt be built, O virgin of Israel: Thou shalt again be adorned with Tabrets, and shalt go forth in the dances, for them that make merry."—Jer. 31) "Then shall the virgin rejoice in the dance, both young men and old together."—Jer. 31. "Your sons and daughters shall prophecy, your old men shall dream dreams, and your young men shall see visions, &c."—Joel 2.

We are told in Shaker history, that every place in England where their Mother undertook to worship God by dancing on the Sabbath, and preaching against the institution of marriage, persecution was carried to an alarming extent. Many very thrilling accounts are given of the inhuman treatment of the English people towards her. Their history adds—

“ She was dragged before the magistrate for no other offence than worshipping the only true God, in the way laid down by himself, and condemned to a cold dark prison, with a small allowance of bread and water; yet she lived to the great astonishment and confusion of her enemies. After being confined in this dark prison, in delicate health, and with insufficient food,—the doors were thrown open, surrounded by thousands of spectators in breathless anxiety, awaiting the egress of an emaciated and subdued woman, supported by some one of her few followers; but what was their astonishment, when Mother Ann came forth in unsurpassing beauty,—with an air of dignified buoyancy, a halo of glory around her head, singing a song of Paradise, given her by an angel that attended her in the prison, bringing her food from the Eternal Mother. [Here let it be understood the Shaker have *four* in the Godhead,—the Eternal Father—the Eternal Mother, and Son and Holy Ghost;—being Power, Wisdom, Jesus Christ, and Mother Ann.] This so incensed the people, that she was taken with her followers to a valley a short distance from Manchester, the mob surrounded them on the eminence, and commenced a most furious attack upon them with stones, cudgels, &c.,—these weapons flew with tremendous velocity till within a few inches of their object, and then fell harmless to the ground. Mother Ann saw a circle of the power of God around about them like like a high wall.

Many instances of this kind occurred.—Being obedient to the command if persecuted in one city flee ye to another.

They left their native shore for the colonies, in the hope of enjoying their favorite worship in peace. They embarked on board the "Columbian Eagle," Capt. Smith, and after a protracted passage landed in Hudson's Bay.

The vessel being unseaworthy, they were in danger of being lost several times:—At one time the Captain cried in despair—"Lord have mercy on us, or we are lost." Mother Ann went to him, and said "kind sir, be calm, you are safe, you will not have another rough sea till you land in America," which proved true, for [while she held out her hand the winds held their breath, and the mighty raging sea hushed their commotion.] The Captain wished Mother Ann to solve this mysterious affair, but Mother was a prudent woman, and never cast her pearls before swine.

A book called "Mother Ann's Sayings," kept by the Ministry, and read by them to the families, as they feel a gift,—gives an account of this peculiar notice of God, in sending two angels to their assistance. Mother Ann saw them at the yard arm, and heard them sing in the mellow strains of heaven. She learned these songs though she never sung them till since her death: (She is said to return and sing them to the Visionists at Harvard, Mass.) The families have learned them of the Visionist and sing them when they feel a gift.

Mother Ann left her husband, her faith prohibiting any other than a life of celibacy. She having gained complete dominion over all affections belonging to the first Adam, found no inconvenience in relinquishing her former life. It is said her husband embraced her faith at first—and acknowledged her divinity; but not having faith sufficient to support him, he fell from the faith, and not being able to give up his wife, he followed her to America, ever reminding her of her marriage covenant, till he sickened and died near Albany.)

She now found herself in the Colonies without the means

of sustenance,—with the revolutionary troubles at an alarming height. Mother, and those with her believing WAR belonged to the reign of darkness: at once appointed meetings day and night, and opened their testimony against the principle of defending a nation's rights with arms; thus she exposed herself to the greatest possible suffering,—her husband dead,—her father having abandoned the faith in England, she was left, comparatively alone, her only believing brother William Lee, remained with her till her death, which took place in the fourth year of her labor in the Colonies. Before her death, she bestowed upon her brother William,—James Whitaker, her adopted son,—and John Hocknell, the gift of healing the sick—speaking in unknown tongues,—and discerning the thoughts of those who flocked to hear them. Mother Ann's Spiritual Mantle fell upon her brother William, and he was accordingly anointed Father, which office he held till his death.

CHAPTER II.

TERMS OF ENTERING THE GOSPEL, BEARING THE STATE OF THE DEAD.

(EVERY person entering the Gospel as Shakerism is termed, confess their sins to the appointed head. This is bringing their dark deeds to light,—It is the valley of Achor, where the door of hope is set for poor lost man. According to their faith no soul can ever get to Heaven any other way. The people of the world may despise the way and means God has provided for them while here; but gladly indeed

will they hear from their prison's in the world of spirits. They believe those souls who have slighted their faith in this world, will be shut up in prison, or wander about in darkness—groping their way through the world of spirits, asking some place of rest and finding none, till they are willing to humble themselves before Christ, acknowledge Mother Ann and confess their sins to her.

I once heard an account given by the Ministry, of some departed Shaker being seen preaching to the wretched souls in prison, in the world of spirits, and truly the account given of the awful situation of the prisoners, was well calculated to throw a person of nervous temperament into convulsions. Many Jews have embraced the Gospel on Shaker terms, some acknowledge Christ but reject Mother Ann, others reject both Christ and Mother Ann. The situation of the disbelieving as given by the inspired instruments are truly appalling. They believe the spirits of the departed return to this world to get help from their believing relatives.—Many persons suffering from acute pain in their shoulders, or diseased lungs, caused by colds, really suppose it to be the weight of their dead relations,—this they call bearing the state of the dead.

An old Shaker, called Father Abijah Worster, (who had been anointed Father in Mother Ann's day) a native of Harvard, Mass., and well known to the inhabitants of that town;—told me that one'time, some of his relatives returned and clung to him. I will relate his story, yet if I had his words, I should lack the deep tone of thrilling horror, which invariably accompanied the recital of such scenes by these Visionary people : —He says—

“As I was tossing—tumbling—rolling—jumping—throwing myself against the wall—the chimney—the floor—the chairs, in fact every thing that did not keep out of the way. I felt that my blood was boiling, and every bone in my body was being sawn asunder my flesh pinched with hot irons,

and every hair on my head were stinging reptiles. I had laid me down to die, when Mother Ann came along, saying,—"why Abijah, there is some of the worst looking spirits on your shoulders I ever saw in my life." I crawled along and laid me down at her feet, and prayed her in mercy to help me; she raised me up and made a few resolute passes from my head to my feet, with her hands, and I was relieved at once,—and I have never doubted since." That he added, "was the power of God in Mother."

This good old man died in 1839—upwards of ninety years of age; he related to me as a REMARKABLE FACT, a few weeks before his death,—that he had gained a complete dominion over all the passions of the first Adam :—The young and beautiful, old and withered, were the same to him.

This man was one of the very few who were perfectly redeemed in this world. I attended the funeral by invitation of an Eldress. The Shakers considered this a time to gain some great administration or gift from the spirit land. It would be impossible for me to give a description of the various scenes enacted, or the stories told at this funeral by the Ministry and Elders, of Father Abijah. The most extravagant were listened to by the people, with as much solemnity as a more possible one could be. Men and women, whose experience in life, taught them that none other than a God could possibly do these things, actually sat or stood bowing their heads and weeping at the recital. [An inspired Shaker girl stood at the door, to take down the names of those old friends from the spirit world, who were expected to attend the body to the grave, in honor of Father Abijah. This girl said there were all the first Shakers present. Father Abijah was very much gratified in seeing his old friends. The old man adjusted the head in the coffin, and asked Mother Ann if she thought he had changed much, she answered no, Abijah, it looks well. [These questions are always asked and answered by the Visionest.]

(We are told that Father Abijah marched out at the head of the coffin, singing a beautiful freedom song.) The Pall Bearers were the Eternal Father, the Eternal Mother, Christ and Mother Ann. The brethren marched out of the house from one door, the sisters from another, preceded by the Elders, falling back a distance from the body to give room to the heavenly guests. The spirits lingered around the grave till their brethren of earth had left the yard,—then Power and Wisdom, Christ and Mother struck up a lively dance, when all the spirits joined hands and danced right merrily around the grave.—At the close of the dance the Godhead *crossed hands forming a seat* for Father Abijah,—and giving a glad shout spread their wings and ascended, followed by the heavenly host to Mother's mansion, where a banquet was in waiting to welcome the last of the first Fathers in Harvard to his final home. The Visionest said she could hear the sound of music, and see the heavenly host as they ascended higher and higher, resembling a flock of eagles as they passed the sun's disc.

These people believe if any one neglects to do all the work they possibly can while living or slight their work, they will have to return to this world and perform their labor faithfully.

I will relate a few cases, told by persons in authority ; an Ex-Deaconess Sally R told me one day, that while cleaning the office she saw Mary H (a sister who formerly lived in the office, and who had died some three weeks before) cleaning paint with her mouth muffled, said Mary would have to clean there as many times as she had slighted it while living. On being asked why her mouth was muffled, she replied, " why Mary was a smart girl, but a dreadful great talker, this will account for the muffled mouth."

It is a gift (as one of their by-laws is termed) for every one to go into meeting every evening in the week, and at

church on the Sabbath, unless sick ; they are taught to believe, if they stay from meeting on a slight sickness, or feign an excuse, they will have to return after death and do their duty in the place where they sinned.

I heard an Elder tell the family of a Spirit having been seen by some one standing on the meeting house steps in December, shivering with cold, and weeping bitterly. She was asked why she did not go in and warm herself. The poor Spirit answered, I cannot, I have no right do any such thing. I must stand here in the cold in winter, and broil in the hot sun in the summer, as many days as I staid from the meeting house on a slight sickness, while I was in the body.

CHAPTER III.

GIFTS AND EXERCISES.

LET the parent who have been tempted to place their children with the society called Shakers, read the following hasty expose.

There are many exercises in their gifts of humiliation which forbid description,—they must be seen to be appreciated. I will confine my exposure to their private meetings.—Gifts—Visions—Humiliating Exercises—Unknown Tongues, &c.

There are many among them who profess to see God, the Eternal Mother, Christ and Mother Ann. They are taken to the spiritual world and introduced to good spirits, where they often sit at the table with the Godhead, when they visit them. Some one in the meeting will be called upon by

God, Christ, or Mother Ann, through the Visionest, to step out on the floor and SHAKE; the victim must step forward, drop his or her hands to their side, and commence shaking the whole body, and stamping with the feet, while the Visionist calls out at the top of his voice, SHAKE! SHAKE!! SHAKE!!! There is a great spirit on you,—shake him off, shake him off. Christ says shake him off—while another cries out come down, come down,—Christ says you must all come down Low! Low!! Low!!! While every person in the room are bowing and bending like so many willows in a high wind, Sometimes one of the gifted will see the Devil come in the meeting, and like a faithful sentinel gives the alarm, when every true believer opens the battery at once, by drawing the right knee nearly to the chin, placing the arm in the position of a sportsman, then straightening themselves out with a jerk, and a stamp of the foot, accompanied by a quick bursting yelp, in imitation of a gun, all being the work of moment. There says the visionest, see him dart, he has gone down towards the chimney;—Storm him—shoot him, kill him! when a universal rush is made for spiritual weapons, given by the Visionest from the great “SPIRITUAL ARSENAL.” The fight then commences, and is carried on with zeal and holy courage, success always attending the believing party.

Sometimes Christ or Mother Ann enters the meeting room, laden with such precious presents as the little band need. The Visionest announce this, the Elders are called upon to prove the vision if they feel a gift (no spiritual power have any right to take part in any meeting without the Elders permission) the inspired one is told to tell Christ, “the Elders own the gift:” Accordingly Christ gives such things as he has brought to the Visionest to take round, the family either standing, kneeling, or sitting, as Christ directs. The presents often are—golden potatoes, oranges, nice cake, plumb puddings, syllabubs, jellies, &c. &c. with various

kinds of fruit unknown to any one this side of the spiritual vineyard.

Mother Ann has a splendid vineyard, the walls are of pure gold, with shining Angels walking upon their glorious height, those who profess to have visited it, tell us they could not name the variety of fruits, there are ten thousand different kinds of grape : Mother Ann superintends her own wine press, she often brings wine as a present.—(The Visionests pretend to take a waiter filled with wine glasses, every body must have faith and take one, as it is handed to them, those who have little or no faith, are told by the Visionest whether they have taken theirs ; then they all raise their hands to their lips, as in the act of drinking. If the inspired waiter drink before he serve the family, they not unfrequently commence reeling and staggering like a drunken person, and indeed they profess to be drunk with the wine of the spiritual kingdom.) By the time the staggering waiter has finished her task, one half in the room, or all who have faith sufficient, have realized the bewildering influence of the heavenly juice, and commence reeling and stamping, vomiting, shaking, &c., till becoming exhausted, they gradually sink away till all is silent, then standing in a circle they throw their pocket handkerchiefs over their shoulders—raising their hands to their heads, with six solemn bows, bending down to the floor, saying we kindly thank Mother for these beautiful gifts.—I kindly thank Mother for this notice.

They pretend to say God sends his love by Christ, and some precious ointment for healing the sick. The invalid kneeling on the floor, are told that Christ is bathing his or her head, the effect will be according to the faith exercised. Then all form a circle and return thanks as above.

We are frequently told that some good spirit has entered the room, with a large flock of beautiful birds and doves,

to time the tune on the head and shoulders of the faithful when every one in the room that "own the gift," join the bird chorus,—with, peep, peep,—sweet, sweet,—peep, sweet,—boblink, boblink, &c. &c. Those birds often bring instruments of music, and place them on the heads of all in the room. They have a little song they sing in acknowledgement of these presents, one verse reads thus—

" A golden trumpet 'cross our heads,
An instrument of music,
Attended by a little bird,
To show us how to use it."

Often some one in the meeting will feel a "laughing gift." They will commence with—he he he, ha ha, he he, ho ho,—another catching the spirit, will titter, te he he,—in a few moments the whole room resounds with the loud boisterous laughter of the whole meeting. Once under full "laughing gift" influence, they will hold on their sides, and reel in their chairs till they become exhausted.—This gift ends in some song such as—

Ho ho ho—he he he,
O what a pretty little path I see,
Pretty path, pretty play
Pretty little angels,
Ha ha ha.

The first and last lines are sung with a loud laugh.

A gift sometimes called a "mortification gift" enters the room. One might suppose it came direct from the barnyard,—as the inspired commence with slaping their hands against their sides, and crowing in imitation of the barnyard fowl:—Some will cackle, others imitate the turkey,—duck—hen—goose, or guinea pig.

I have seen young men and women exercised by what they call the "JERKS," two weeks at a time. I should suppose this exercise to be very painful, as the head is kept

in continual motion, by quick convulsive jerks of the shoulders and neck.

I saw a young woman whose face was frightfully swollen, and her eyes dilated and bloodshot, that had been exercised by the "Jerks" three weeks in succession. Directly after these "Jerks" she commenced talking in unknown tongues, and continued at short intervals three or four days, when she stopped suddenly and remained mute nearly two weeks, no possible persuasion could induce her to say yea or nay. This exercise is what is called the "DUMB DEVILS."

At one time while in a union meeting the Visionest said "Vicalun" was present. I was told that "Vicalun" was the angel of Repentance, and he had come to visit me, if I would "own the gift," I informed the Visionest, that I felt honored by the notice.

They then sang a very solemn song in "Unknown Tongues" and English, called Vicalun's prayer: reading thus—

Hark! hark !! my holy, holy,
Vicalun seelun voo,
I have come to mourn
And weep with you,
In low humiliation,
Pray to the vilun sool
Whose hand can stay the billows,
And save si ree lu nvol.

I cannot do justice to these songs by writing them. The spiritual gifts are never set to music—they have some excellent tunes, however, and very difficult to execute correctly. The song just quoted has a variety of changes, accompanied by the following motions. At the first line the head is inclined forward, with the fore finger pointing to the right ear, as in the act of listening. At the third line, the hands are brought forward with an earnest beckoning motion. At the fourth line the hands are carried to the eyes, as in the act of weeping, the body is gradually bending till it sinks on the

knees, and the face touches the floor, at the close of the fifth line. At the commencement of the six line both hands are brought up at the side of the head as in prayer.—At the seventh the right hand is thrown convulsively upward. At the word billows, both hands are extended wide. At the last line, and at the last word, they are clasped over the heart. The last four lines are repeated twice. Appropriate motions accompany all songs sung by them.

After singing this prayer the young prophet rose from his chair, and approached me saying, "Will you hear what the spirit has to say to you." I answered yes, he then returned to his seat and commenced bowing his head, as is the custom in the opening of a "gift," and said, "O look there, and see that great spirit! He has got a large rope in his hand, and it is tied around your waist, and O look! there is another on the other side, he has got a rope around your waist, there see them pull you." I asked him who these spirits were, "why," said he, "Christ says the one on your left hand is John Wesley, and the one on your right hand is John Murray, first you incline to the one and then to the other. But, Oh! look, there is an awful spirit! he has got a great iron chain around both these men, O Mother do tell us who that dreadful creature is." After a moments pause he exclaimed, "Why it is the Devil! So you see let you go to either of these men you will go to the Devil, for he has them both." I asked why I did not go, if Murray, Wesley, and the Devil had united their forces to draw me with cable ropes, and iron chains. The young man sat a moment and then said, "O I see it all now, there is a beautiful spirit, all light and glory right behind you. Dear good spirit do tell me who you are so very glorious? Why, now I know! it is our blessed Mother, and she has got a splendid gold chain around your waist, holding you down; so you had better let Methodism and Universalism alone, and cheat the Devil, by being a good child of Mother's kingdom."

CHAPTER IV.

PRIVILEGES OF THE GREAT MEN OF PAST AGES.

ALL who have died before hearing the Gospel, have the privilege of hearing it in the spirit land. When any great character enter and confess their sins, Mother Ann always sends word by the Visionest, to encourage the children of her earthly department. Alexander, Napoleon, Washington, Franklin:—together with the Patriarchs, Prophets, and Martyrs of the past, are said to have embraced the faith with great eagerness, and regret that it is not the gift for them to return to the world, and proclaim the faith in the body. Father Abraham and Sir Isaac Watts compose many songs, mostly in an unknown tongue: the visionists learn them of these good spirits. These are what are called aboring (dancing) songs,—here follows one from Father Abraham, which they dance with great zest.

“ Father is a Leader,
 Let us all be free that
 We may have a portion
 Of Mother's love and blessing—

Vi al lo vi al le
 Vi al le a lando,
 Vi al lo vi al le
 Vi al le a lando.”

This is called the round dance,—they run a measured step—the English, then stopping suddenly, face about, and shuffle the unknown tongue, repeating as long as the singers feel a gift.

A Visionest was asked by an Elder, if he saw anything of Sir William Pitt, he answered no, but he would ask after him. In a few moments he announced Sir Isaac, and was put in communication by the Elders, (here let it be understood the visionists are interpreters between the two worlds) when the following conversation ensued :—

Visionest—Sir Isaac, our Elder wants to know —

Sir Isaac,—Don't call me Sir Isaac, but brother, plain brother Isaac.

Visionest,—Well then brother Isaac you hav'nt got so much pride as you used to have, have you.

Sir Isaac,—No, Mother Ann made me shake it all out of me, at the time I shook that old Devil Anti-Christ out.

Visionest,—The Elders want to know how you felt the first time you shook.

Sir Isaac,—(Laughing) Well, I had been wandering round all day after my arrival in the Spirit land, and could not find a soul I knew : I was so disappointed about heaven that I sat down on some old rubbish and began to cry, when a man came along, and we got into conversation, he asked me why I wept, and I told him, he said he felt so too when he first came, then he told me about Mother,—I wanted to see her, but it was no use, she would not see me till I believed, I could not believe without seeing her, so I groped along for three years ; but at last I found I could not wander any longer, for I must be shut up in prison, then I received the Gospel, and Mother made me shake the most of the time for three months, to get rid of old Anti Christ :—he stuck to me like wax, the blood-sucker ! (this recital created a great laughter) At this point brother Isaac began to shake.

The Visionest called upon the meeting to shake, when every one, old men and women, the middle aged and small children, commenced shaking and stamping in a violent

manner, after which, the visionest sung with brother Isaac, the following characteristic song while all the family dance.

Come life—Shaker life
 Come life Eternal,
 Shake, shake, out of me
 All that is carnal.
 I'll take nimble steps,
 I'll be a David,
 I'll show Michael twice
 How he behaved.

[I. Chron. xv. 29.]

Tecumseh has entered the Gospel, and is doing a great work among the Indians. He is stationed at that section of the spirit world, allotted to the different Indian tribes:—He has converted a chief of every tribe, and given them power to offer the gospel to their own people as soon as they die. These peculiar people are said to return and dance with the “inspired one’s,”—singing songs in their own language, here follows Tecumseh’s.

“A way wig a wig a war,
 Way wig a war war,
 Way wic e wic a war
 Way wick e war war.
 A way walla wampum,
 Willa walla wano,
 Tecumseh am e noon,
 Villa volia vin de vo.”

After the dance the dialogue was resumed.

Visionest—Brother Isaac, the Elders want to know where Sir William Pitt is.

Sir Isaac—Willy Pitts’ bump of precaution, is bigger than Queen Victoria’s throne. He is taking a survey of the Gospel, and when he is perfectly satisfied it is the only “door of hope,” he will enter. Pitt was a proud man and he finds it hard work to humble himself.

Sir Isaac here introduced the prophet Isaiah. The Visionest was told by the Elder to converse with the Prophet.

Visionest—The Elders want to know how long since you became acquainted with brother Isaac.

Prophet—Ever since Mother introduced us. We are cronies here,—he tells me about his time, and I tell him about my time. We have many a laugh about the blunders of our day. He says when he read my writings, he little thought I referred to Mother.

Visionest—The Elders want you to tell them something about the believers of your time.

Prophet—I must n't tell you now, for your good Mother has given brother Isaac and myself liberty to visit Harvard and Shirley all winter; but we have no gift to open any thing to you. Mother will send her spirits here this winter, that lived fifteen thousand years ago. They will make you tremble.

Some few days after this dialogue took place, the family being assembled, the Visionest became inspired, and the Elders called upon to "prove the gift." The Visionest commenced shaking his head, and bowing for two or three minutes, then called aloud; O, there is somebody at the gate, they are crying terribly, it is a young woman she is not like the women of our time. She is cold and wants to come in—there don't you hear her, she is singing.

"O do hear my cries and open your gate,
The blood in my veins is congeling,
The weather is so bitter must I stand and wait,
O let me come in if you have any feeling.

This appeal was not in vain, the Elders bade the "inspired" run to the gate, which he hastened to do, and returned in a few minutes, with a young woman of the third century: He described her as being of a yellow complexion, with red hair, her eyes pink and very near together, her nostrils in the *side* of her nose, are very large, with long *white* hairs protruding.—She has no lips, her mouth resembles the sel-

vege of yellow flannel ; her neck is tattooed with figures of black ; she has high cheek bones, long face, low forehead, flat nose, peaked chin and chubby neck. She says she was the Belle of the third century.

Visionest—What people do you belong to ? what is your name ? where did you live ? what did you worship ? how long have you been dead ? when did you enter the Gospel ?

— Visitor—You ask so many questions at once, that I see you are a yankee ; for when a yankee comes into the Gospel it takes six or eight to answer his questions at first, and when we are all exhausted and give up in dispair he has just begun. My name is Potymus, I belong to a race called Omnipotymus, nicknamed Sectrilegurs. We lived fifteen thousand years ago : one thousand years is a century with us. We lived on this very Continent called " America," we had no houses ; but we lived in the beautiful groves of Woonhoons, which yielded a delicious fruit, the like has never been known since we were destroyed ; our water gushed from the highest rocks, and came skiping at our very feet. I have sat hours together under the shade of a Woonhoon, and watched the little angels play. Our race all lived together in one family. We never disobeyed our parents, for we did not know them,—we never quarrelled with our brothers and sisters, for we never had any,—we never got lost, for we had no particular home,—we were never jealous, for we had no particular husband or wife ! We never sined, for we never had a law,—we were never tired, for we never worked,—we had no clothing, for our climate required none,—we had no fears, for we knew no deceit. The birds sang to us, the Woonhoon gave us bread, the mountains gave us water, the earth provided our beds, the blue canopy of heaven our covering. One time some people come among us and told us about religion, and we would not believe them, for the angels had told us about Christ and Mother Ann.—They had not come to this earth then, either of them ; but

the angels knew them when they were with the Eternal Father and Eternal Mother ; so we could not believe the people who came to us with another religion. Those people burned our beautiful groves of Woonhoons, drove our angels away, and dried up our waters, and boiled our whole race in oil, after subjecting us to the most horrible torture ; our flesh was cut from the most fleshy parts of our bodies and broiled, and we were compelled to eat it ourselves. Then our eyes were plucked out before they boiled us. I must go home now, and if you don't ask me any more questions, I will come again in three months and tell you more. You are the first yankee I ever saw that let a person answer his six first questions without asking twelve while I was answering them.

Alexander the Great, while on a visit to the family of Shakers, at Harvard, recognized a relative bearing his name. He felt himself *honored*, when told that Mother Ann had selected her an instrument of inspiration. Alexander asked her name, when told it was Ann Alexander, we are informed his joy knew no bounds. He exclaimed through the Visionest, (which in this instance was Ann Alexander herself) beautiful ! beautiful !! This is right, this as it should be. ANN ! Mother's name ! Alexander ! my own, what a glorious union of names !

I could name an hundred instances of kings, queens and princes, who have, and who have not entered the Gospel ; I have spoken of the happiness of some great men who have received it. I will now speak of the miseries of those who reject it.

The Visionest informed us that while conversing with some angels, he observed a figure driving a hoop with a flaming torch, down a high mountain at a rapid rate ; he described the mountain to be twenty-five to thirty miles high, with stumps and rocks from one to two miles in height. The angel told him to see the hoop bound, he did so, and

heard a groan follow every bound, with the exclamation O holy Virgin! O holy St. Peter! O all the Saints in the Callendar have mercy on me! This the angels informed the Visionest, is the Devil, the hoop is Pope Leo; the soles of his feet are cemented to the top of his head, by a cement made of the souls he has damned since he came here: for added the angels, he is an obstinate dog, and will not let the poor Catholics enter the Gospel. I could mention many others, with a description of their present condition: Such as John and Charles Wesley, John Murray, Bishop Heber, &c. There are others of our own day, whose relatives are still living, and whose memory is still fresh in our minds. I will not describe these, nor give a description of the horrible dungeons that are being prepared for some of our great men of Church and State, that are still living, or of the little demons that are in training for their reception when they enter the world of spirits. I will say however, for the benefit of the Rev. John Pierpont, of Boston, and the Hon. Isaac Hill, of Concord, N. H.—they are safe, the former secured his salvation by an address he delivered before the Ancient and Honorable Company, some years ago in Boston; showing himself ready for the Gospel. The latter by publishing a very flattering account of the Shakers in the N. H. Patriot, at Concord, thereby inducing some people to join the Shakers, others to send their children. It is well understood by the Shakers, who will, and who will not enter the Gospel in the next world.

CHAPTER V.

WHAT CHILDREN ARE TAUGHT TO BELIEVE, AND THEIR
TREATMENT.

CHILDREN are taught to believe that all persons who leave Shaker ground and return to the world, can never receive the Gospel in the world of spirits. They are told, also, that if any person or little child allow themselves to think of their father or mother, sister or brother,—the “turn away spirit” will come to them, and weave a web around their hearts that will stifle the spirit of Mother. Every thought of friends left behind in the “world” (unless the thought is to get their friends on Shaker ground) will be laying a stone in the masonry of the “turn away” vault, in which they will have to lay down when they die. The description of the vault and the little demons that will torment the “turn away,” varies, generally corresponding to the disposition or faith of the person having the care of the child.

The little child has no one to love it, or to bestow upon it those little endearments so pleasing to the glad confiding heart of innocent childhood.

If the parent enter his or her name, and the name of their child or children to the “Covenant,” they indenture themselves and children, and all their property to the society, and henceforth have no right to themselves, children or property. Their children are placed just where the Elders “feel it a gift” to place them. The parent can have no voice in the matter, the property is placed in the “Society Fund.”

Its former owner will have their clothes, food, house room, and an equal share of hard work and humiliation ; their especial work is to forget the past and receive all the "gifts" as they are given them,—keep strictly all the "gifts and orders."—Not mention any doubt of the "visions or exercises" to any one but the Elder to whom they confess. They must not mention their property, but remember it is not theirs from the moment they give it into Mother's treasury. They have no right to visit their ehildren, even if they are in the same house, as it sometimes happens, at the young believers order or family.

A young Irish girl named Margaret Gannett, united with the Shakers, bringing with her a young child a few weeks old. This poor unfortunate girl had her child taken from her, and was not allowed to look at it, even though she was obliged to pass the door of the chamber where her babe lay. This was not all, she was obliged to hear the cries of her child, and must not ask the cause. At one time the little boy was removed to the "brothers work shop," when about fifteen months old ; where a prophet about sixteen years of age had the care of another little boy of five years. In that place, these little fellows far removed from all care excepting this young Shaker Prophet, was subjected to great cruelties. The young Irish mother could not subdue her maternal affection ; and would often steal a glance at her boy, as he grew older. She has told me that her heart was breaking to take him in her arms. One day she saw the little fellow at the garret window of the brother's shop, she hastened to the garret window of the sisters dwelling house, directly opposite, and raising one corner of the window curtain she sat gazing at her dear boy.—She saw he had clambered up to the window of himself, and was clinging to the sill with his little hands, and crowing with delight at the exploit.—At that moment the young Visionest approached the poor child with uplifted hand, and actually knocked him to the floor. The

mother sprung to her feet, but alas, what could she do, she had indentured herself and child. If she went to the "world" to enter her complaint, as hundreds had done before. She knew there was no redress for her,—she could not bring a witness from Shaker ground, for this very reason, if any person is compelled to go to court in any case, they are prohibited by the law of God to say any thing prejudicial to the anointed order of God on earth.

This poor heart-broken girl could not complain about the treatment of her child without criminating herself, as she witnessed this horrid act in violation of the most "holy order."

Margaret had no Shaker friend who dared to hear her complaints, or if they heard, could redress her wrongs. She came to me, saying, will you be my friend, you have not signed the "Covenant," you can befriend me. She told me all she had seen. I promised her she should not be betrayed. Circumstances prevented my going directly to the brethren's shop till towards night: on my way I met the Prophet with the cradle, the child had been taken by the Elders, to the wash house previously, (the sister's shop is called the wash house) as the lower part of the house is used for washing, the garret is a sleeping apartment for the female children, and the person having the care of them.) I returned to the Elderess' shop, and asked to see the child. The Elderess fearing an exposure to the world, thought it best to make a virtue of necessity: Answered yea, come in sister, I was expecting you. I am afraid Abial has whipt the child too much, what do you think could make him; we shall have to look into this thing with great severity,—will you take the boy to night, I want to have him well cared for..

I took the little emaciated creature in my arms and that night I watched with him, having first procured the company of a doubting Shaker named Louisa Weeks. This poor boy was literally black and blue from head to feet. He had frequent spasms during the night. This Visionest, came to

me a day or two after this, and said he had a secret to tell me about the boy, if I would not expose him, I promised. He then went on to say, Elder Joseph punished him every day, for something: that the old green bruises were left by a flogging given by the Elder more than a week before. He confessed knocking him from the window in the morning, and further confessed he whiped him afterwards, after some company left, because when asked who is Abial's boy, he did not answer—I, as bidden, before they came in,—and in the afternoon the Elder had given that LAST FLOGGING, which so nearly finished the poor little fellow, because he did not kiss him when company was in the shop, an act never allowed to either child or adult.

Enough of this,—I could rehearse other cases that came under my own observation; but my limits will not allow it. But to the mother who has the only alternative of ALMS-HOUSE or SHAKERS—let me pray her in the name of all that is good, send your child to the ALMS-HOUSE, with the conditions, that they shall not indenture them to the Shakers, as many little girls and boys are yearly taken from the different Alms-Houses of the country by this people. Then you may *hope* at some future period to reclaim your child; but once indenture it to the Shakers, you have no *hope*. After being educated to believe all they see and hear among that people, to be of God,—that all the world is waiting to draw the child from the faith with enticing stories, that if they should go they are eternally lost—taught to look upon their relatives as living in, and relishing the abominations of the Devil's kingdom, of which Mother's good angels have told so much. What hope has the mother of regaining her child, always remembering, that the mother in her short visits, cannot say but little to the child, and all she can possibly say is anticipated, and the child duly cautioned. And lastly let the parent ask the question,—“Do you teach the children here, to remember and love their parents.” If the Shaker an-

swers you truly, he will say, "nay, it is our faith to forget our *natural* ties, that we may the more readily gain *spiritual* ones."

I read a manuscript copy of an order for the education of children, which reads after this wise :—"Something must be done about our schools, our holy Mother says we are raising children for the world, if we educate them about geography, history, &c. We may depend upon it when they are old enough, they will claim a right to that privilege, and leave us to learn more about these things. Our children ought not to have the Class Books of the world, thurst upon them. (The world make their own books, we have a right to make ours.) If our children are allowed to read about rail roads, steam boats, canals, and other internal or infernal public improvements in our schools, it is more than probable that when they arrive at that period, when childhood is blending into manhood—the time when a contest always ensues, between the natural and the spiritual inclination of the young Shaker,—their curiosity being excited by information gained through the agency of these very school books, knowing as we do know that the natural is so much stronger than the spiritual, they will, in nine cases out of ten turn away to the world, to learn more of these things, and lose their souls, should we permit these things to exist. Nay, nay, my brethren and sisters, we will not go to such expenses to people hell. (We will raise children to be the supporters of our most holy faith: and in order to accomplish this, we must have school books agreeable to our faith, and throw aside these mischievous publications now in use.)

"It is enough for our children to learn to read our own publications—commit the multiplication table to memory, and have a practical geography of our own farms. If we do this, we do it for God and Mother. If we do more, we do it for the Devil."

I will close this chapter on children by giving one of their

“gifts and orders” reading thus—“Parents belonging to the household of faith can see their children once a year in the Elder’s room, no kissing or caressing permitted.”

CHAPTER VI.

A VISIT FROM THE ELDERS OF SHIRLEY.

THE Harvard South Family were at one time called together in the meeting room to receive a visit from the Elders of Shirley village. Immediately after the ceremony of recognition, the song of invitation was sung to the good spirits, the brethren and sisters occupying opposite parts of the room, with both hands raised, and keeping time by a beckoning motion, the following words were sung in a very solemn and appropriate manner.

O come good spirits,
Do come in, and help us,
Do come in—do come in,
Do come in—and help us,
We do want to feel you.

The good spirits are supposed to except this earnest entreaty and enter the room, then the whole family old and young commence clapping their hands in perfect time and sing—

O come be awake
Mothers sons and daughters,
O come do partake
Of the living waters.

We must walk in valleys low,
We must love each other ;

Here the gifts of heaven flow,
Here is Christ and Mother.

As this song is ended, the Elders danced out in the centre of the room in a promiscuous dance followed by the family, hilter skilter, pell inell,—some jumping up and down in the room,—some rearing and plunging like restive horses while others are reeling and jerking like dancing jacks.

The gifts and visions of this meeting were something like the articles in the store of a country dealer of all sorts "too numerous to mention." There is one however, worthy of note,—One Visionest said Christ was in the room, and wished to present Shirley "Elder Brother" with a gold watch, and golden pump, to pump the power of God with, when he needed it. This worthy seemed perfectly delighted with the pump, and asked the Visionest to put it into operation, he did so, and the Elder commenced pumping, as lustily as he could have done in a sinking ship,—till he felt himself full of power; he then took courage and requested the Visionest to ask Christ about the spectacles he promised the year before. The Visionest said Christ was puzzled at first, but recollecting it, bit his lip, and said,—O yea, I had forgot all about the glasses. He sent the glasses and treated him for waiting so long. This wicked man pretended to drink wine with Christ, after which he asked the Visionest to adjust the glasses, that he might see "something funny." The quaint speeches made by this simpleton created great merriment. The day after this exhibition of abominations, the Elder of the south Family, told me that Shirley Elder Brother was a "sharp man to deal with, if any body got the advantage of him in a bargain, they were good fellows:—why if any body owed him three cents, he would dun them till he got it, did you mind how he dunned Christ for them glasses yesterday? Well, that is just like him, it makes no difference Christ or any body else, if they owe him he will have it."

CHAPTER VII.

STEAMER LEXINGTON.

ON the Sabbath preceeding the loss of the Steamer Lexington, the three families remained at the meeting house after the "world's people" had left the house. I remained with the south Family. As soon as the "world" were out of sight, the Elder Brother told the families this was a good time for "Breaking Bands."—He wanted a good Shake, when a tremendous shaking and stamping commenced which continued some five minutes; this exceeded any thing I had previously seen, as there were between one and two hundred persons on the floor, some of whom were decrepit old men and women. The singers struck up a lively song, when old and young danced out in the floor in a promiscuous dance. While the excitement was at its height, a young woman with closed eyes informed the Elderess sister of the Church that there were spirits in the meeting house, and told her in a low tone who they were. Elderess sister walked on her toes to the centre of the room, and taking her stand between the brethren and sisters, said with the greatest possible solemnity,—“Brethren and sisters, I have a few words to speak to you.—There is a very large company of poor distressed souls here to day desiring our prayers,—they are the Lexington company, there are some among them who know some of our people—and finding their mistake about the work of God, when they got into the world of spirits, they inquired for Mother Ann, and succeeded in finding her. Mother has sent them here attended by some of her angels.”

At this point the inspired instrument announced Christ and Mother Ann, walking up between the brethren and sisters. The Elder Brother bade every soul kneel down with Christ and Mother, while they spoke through the Visionest these words:—Labor O my dear children, for these poor distressed souls—Labor for them as we labored for you,—Labor with groans. The Elder Brother appeared deeply affected; and said brethren and sisters, I feel it a gift to labor for these poor distressed souls, we ought to feel it a privilege. I desire we may humble ourselves to the dust. They simultaneously laid their faces on the floor, and began to mutter incoherently at first,—then groaned, sobbed and cried, while the Visionest was creeping round the house on her knees, and talking to the spirits. There was no false pretence in this crying after the first five minutes. I wept bitterly myself, though I could not tell why I wept. I was told that spirits were pointing me out to each other. An indiscrible sensation crept through my flesh, I half believed the vision true. I unconsciously slipped from my seat to my knees, and dared not move or open my eyes, fearing I should touch or see a VERITABLE GHOST. In vain I called my better judgment to arouse myself to the duty I owed my son, who sat trembling at my side. I had no power to act or think my son clung to my arm and neck in terror, while the sepulchral groans that rolled through the house, and the deep, long-drawn sigh that fluttered from the hearts of the terrified young people, who were indentured to the Society, rendered the scene truly awful. A Visionest approached me, kneeling and laying her hands on my arm, said some of these spirits know you, and want you to labor for them. I was paralyzed,—my head swam—I could not speak for some moments, as soon however, as I could collect my scattered senses, I asked who they were.

Visionest—You have been thinking of them since you knelt.

I answered I have thought of a number since I knelt who were reported lost.

Visionest—See if you can name the spirits standing there, pointing her finger.

I asked if it was Captain Woolsy.

Visionest—Yea, and there are others here that know you.

I named H. Finn, the comedian, J. Leach and others. My nerves were so wrought upon that afternoon, that I was haunted by ghosts and goblins many days after.

Information was obtained from a visiter that Professor Fullen was lost in the Lexington; consequently when all were assembled in the meeting room, the Elders asked the Visionest to inquire after Professor Fullen.—She closed her eyes and said Professor Fullen is here, he wants to speak for himself, the Elders gave him liberty, and the inspired commenced—

Fullen—"Well, the day after I left the world, I was tumbling about in the dark regions, I found what every other poor soul have found, that my preconceived notions of heaven were false. If I had known any thing about the true Gospel while in the world, I would have embraced it. I once had Dunlavy's Manifesto, and read a few pages; it lies on the shelves of University Library at Cambridge; but when I read of the Spiritual Marriage of Christ and Mother Ann, I very naturally associated with it the idea of the natural man and wife, and becoming disgusted I threw the work down. After stumbling about an hour in this dismal place, Dunlavy's work popped in my mind, and I inquired of an old man where I could find Mother. He proved to be Father, James Whitaker. He took me by the hand and led me to Mother. I confessed my sins to Father James. I had become acquainted with Capt. Woolsy on board the Steamer, so I sallied out in search of him, with Father James, and found the whole company together. They all

entered the Gospel with us, and that is the reason of Mother sending us here, she is so CROWDED there.

We were informed at this meeting that Mother Hannah Kendall is stationed at Russia, to take the particular charge of souls there, as fast as they die, and Mother Ann was in Hungary, hearing openings from the souls that perished from the cold during the winter. A few moments after this another Visionest announced Mother Ann in the meeting. She was asked how she came there, as Christ had said she was in Hungary. Christ said true she answered, I was there five minutes ago:—I have a beautiful little chariot, in that I can go as quick as thought; in fifteen minutes I can go to the four quarters of the globe, including a visit to New Lebanon, Waterville, Mount Pleasant, Hancock, Poland, Old Enfield, New Enfield, Canterbury, Alfred, Harvard and Shirley:—

I am coming in my beautiful car,
All lin'd with gold and purple,
Attended by my loyal train,
I am the Princess Royal.

Ma cara an de banda migo,
Ma cara an de bango,
Ma cara, &c.

And every other place where there is one believing soul. **H**I can see the hearts of every one and know all their thoughts. I know who keep good order and who do not—who think lightly of the precious gifts of God, and who love them, and I tell you now—Love the precious gifts of God—yea love our holy gifts, or I can tell you that you will see the day you will hunger and thirst after them and find them not—yea, you will see the day you will groan,—cry and plead,—you will humble yourself in dust and ashes, and go weeping and mourning days, weeks, months and years, to gain the gifts you have slighted here, and gain them not. And the thought that you have lost them by your own wicked-

ness, will be your own constant companion, to harrow up your souls to more stinging anguish. O ! then you will wish you had loved the gifts and owned the visions of God.—O ! I cannot tell you what will be your sufferings,—you poor doubting half made Shakers, when you seek to regain the Holy Gifts, alas ! too late—nor can you ever gain the love and union of the good spirits that brought the precious gifts which you slighted.

CHAPTER VIII.

MORTIFICATION OR PENANCE.

THERE are different modes of punishment, generally agreeing with the faith of the offender:—For instance, the sin of a person who has not received all the absurdities of Shakerism as Gospel, will be winked at,—while one, around whom they know the meshes of their delusion are too tightly woven, to allow happiness out of the faith, they visit the same sin with great severity. I will mention one case as an example.

One Denis Pratt, called first Deacon of the south Family of Shakers at Harvard:—A man universally known as a trading Shaker throughout the Eastern and Southern States, had just returned from an extensive and profitable trading tour, where he promised to return in a short time, to settle old accounts or make new contracts : But the expectations of the wicked were doomed to disappointments ; and this same Denis Pratt was doomed to “ Mortification ”—poor man he had been an Anti-Christian preacher, prior to his connection

with this people. He there formed a habit of praying to his God, claiming Christ as the Mediator, and the only Mediator between God and himself. He loved to pray, and poor Denis found it no small thing to relinquish the practice so dear to his soul—and worship God in his erring creatures. He had faith in Mother Ann's Gospel, and thought his Elders very good folks.—The short sighted man thought if he could pray, and the Elders not find it out, it would be all right. There chanced to be a very large rock in the south pasture, this would effectually screen him from all possible discovery,—thither our Deacon often repaired undiscovered, till a few days after his return from the above-mentioned business tour, (where he is said to have attended some revivalist meeting) he repaired to this favorite retreat,—and being exceedingly loud and vehement in his prayer, discovered himself to some brethren of another Family. Poor Deacon Denis! what was to be done—what could be done. He was caught in the very act—he rose from his knees in shame and confusion; feeling all the horror one might suppose one would feel, after being so heaven daring, as to skulk away to the south pasture, to pray to God, thinking to gain something by stealth, or secretly to persuade God to give him an indulgence unknown to his Elders. Knowing detection is a sure precursor of punishment, he resolved in the frenzy of the moment, to run away. Accordingly fear giving speed to his feet he soon found himself in presence of one of the Select men of the town of Harvard. He then wrote a very penitent letter, begging the privilege of returning to consecrated ground, and he would submit to any Mortification the Elders saw proper to inflict. He was allowed to return to the Office—the Ministry was sent for in haste, and arrived in haste. The Ministry and Elders were closeted in solemn conclave above stairs, while the poor miscreant sat like a condemned criminal below, not allowed to look at the faithful that were obliged to pass the house in which he sat.

Ah! poor Deacon Denis Pratt, the first man in the south Office, is first man now no longer—How are the mighty fallen.

In due time the results of the holy deliberation above stairs was made known; it being decided that Deacon Denis should go into solitary confinement, till such times as the Ministry should feel a gift to release him. There chanced to be an old crazy building, some fifty yards from the dwelling house, called the "Adams House." This was selected as the prison house for Denis. And thither he suffered himself to be led and shut up. The windows on the front being curtained with boards—his food to be cooked in the kitchen, and taken to him by the Elders—he not allowed to speak on any occasion, till the Elders gives him permission—he is to have no lamp, he is to sit in darkness through the evening—but not allowed to retire to his bed till the usual family hour.—He is expected to do a regular day's work before dark, and also to labor to realize how grievously he has offended our holy Mother's spirit. And we (the Ministry) pass him a "gift" to see one Denis Pratt: And we do hereby release *all good spirits from administering to him.*

After being confined in this house five or six weeks, he was allowed one evening after dark, to walk on his knees to the dwelling house, where the south Family held their union meetings. This poor bewitched fanatic actually entered the room on his knees, and kissed the floor several times, and then commenced creeping around the room, asking the smallest child to forgive his crime. He then returned to the door and remained kneeling till nine o'clock, when the meeting closed; and the criminal returned to his prison house, where he would often be heard shaking and storming that hateful old deceiver Anti-Christ.

I will now mention the manner often taken to 'prove a young girls Shakerism or faith. (And I suppose the same

method is taken with the boy's) A young girl named Mary Jane Burns, had been eating at the table with the second Deaconess and myself. I mentioned to M. P. (the Deaconess) that the young girl ate potatoes and salt, with cold water.—She was pale and sickly. There were other things on the table, that I knew a young girl at constant labor required. If it is the "gift," I would like to ask her, I said, if this is choice or necessity. The Deaconess called Mary Jane to the table again, and said Mary Jane, here is a piece of mince pie, take and eat it.

M. J.—I cannot.

Deaconess—Why don't you like it.

M. J.—I like it but I must not eat it.

Deaconess—Why not eat it.

M. J.—Hesitating, I don't know.

The Deaconess took the girl affectionately by the hand and said, now tell me Mary, why you do not eat such food as you like when it is set before you.

M. J.—I must not tell you, it is not the "gift" to tell.

Deaconess—Did the Elderess forbid you.

M. J.—No Martha S. has the care of me.

Deaconess—(Again very tenderly) tell us Mary, why Martha forbade your eating, and we will not tell any one will we, referring to me.—I answered no, I want to see behind all this myself.

The poor girl answered, Martha forbade my eating because I cried.—What did you cry for? I must not tell you. Why don't you go to the Elderess? Because the Elders has given Martha the "gifts" for the girls in her care. Does Martha treat the little boy well? I must not say any thing. Well then if you don't say he treats the child *well*, then your silence says she treats him *bad*.

Our Deaconess then threw aside the manner of tenderness and assumed an air of authority—exclaimed, Now Mary Jane, tell me about that child, or I will go to the Elderess

and tell her what you have told us about your food. The poor girl finding herself in trouble, proceeded to answer the questions asked by the Deaconess, exposing cruelties practiced, not only to the child in question, but towards herself and other children under Martha's care.

The next day on entering the Elderess' room, I was shocked to find the Deaconess there, with Mary Jane kneeling in the centre of the floor, with her head bowed, her eyes closed, and her hands clasped. The Elderess said will you enter and be seated. I did so. It appears, continued the Elderess, that some evil spirit has tempted Mary Jane to come to you and Mahala, with a web of lies about her governess. I want her to expose herself, and you must hear from her own mouth what a liar she is. Turning to the poor trembling girl, she exclaimed,—How dare you tell your abominable lies to any one. Mary answered, Mahala asked me. Shut up your mouth, you dirty thing. Did you think Mahala, or any true believer, would let you talk over your devilish stuff, and not stop you, or come to us at once.—There go kneel down at their feet and ask them if they can be charitable enough to forgive you, for coming to them with your mischievous lying stuff. The girl muttered, I could not help it. Stop! you Mary Magdalen, and get down there. Mary bowed down as demanded, and walking on her knees to Mahala and weeping said, will you be so kind as to forgive me. I expected to see Mahala raise her from the floor and confess her own sin.—But no, her dignified Deaconship considering immediate forgiveness unpardonable lenity,—waited some minutes, then coolly drawled out—yea Mary Jane, I can forgive, on the condition that you promise never to tell another such a pack of lies. Mary Jane promised, and kindly thanked her for forgiveness, and asked her to pray to Mother Ann to forgive her. (This last is the custom in all cases of violation of a gift or order.) I then proceeded to expose Mahala's manner of extorting these things from

the girl, and was told by the Elderess Betsey, that Mahala was in the "gift." (Any method taken to detect a rebellious disposition is justified by the "order of God.") This will prove profitable to Mary Jane, as it will caution her to bridle her tongue.

This girl was not allowed to give any other answers than yea or nay, after this exposure, to any question asked her.

CHAPTER IX.

DECEPTIVE METHOD OF GAINING PROSELITES.

THEIR method of securing as members of their Society, the young who visit them from curiosity, is very ingenious. Their great art is to appear artless, and the young and unsophisticated, who are being taken from room to room in their workshops, examining all their little curiosities the young girls are preparing for sale, and receiving the happiest of all possible answers to every question asked; are led to believe them a very happy family of glad young creatures, who have none of the cares and temptations of this wicked world to contend with; not surmising that at the moment they are visiting the few who are permitted to sit in their workshops during the visits of the "world's folks," there are others on whom this crafty people cannot depend for the same deceptions, who are hustled to an apartment by themselves, with hearts almost breaking, to see some one to whom they would dare say, "take me away." And when taken to the vine-yard, peach nursery, garden and strawberry beds, and taste of their delicious abundance, they are told it is

common property—all have a right to enjoy these luxuries : Then they almost envy the happiness of those who are made so very happy by this generous, noble hearted people. They would find it difficult to believe that the mild smooth face, humble frank manner, soft silvery voice, and enticing stories were all false “ beacon lights,”—yet they are so.

Those young creatures in the work shop, are never permitted to visit those beautiful grounds that so enchant the visitor : They never taste *any* fruit till it has returned from the market, not finding sale. They are not permitted to look to the right or left even, when walking from their work shops to the dwelling in which they live. It is strictly against “ order” for two young girls to speak together in the yard ; no two young girls are allowed to sleep in the same bed.—No person either old or young are permitted to sing out of meeting, as you will learn by reading a chapter on the “orders and by-laws” of the Society. I once witnessed an attempt to flattery by an Elderess, which the girl on whom it was bestowed, termed the “ soft soap system.”

A young girl named Phebe McD., from Lowell, had been partially persuaded to join this people. She had doffed the Babylonish garments, and donned the habiliments of holy Mother ; yet not being fully persuaded of the truth of Shakerism she refused signing the Covenant—asking time for investigation ; while in this state of indecision, her brother came to visit her, and if possible, to take her home. The brother asked to see the sister immediately, no excuse would be taken, he could not, nor would not be detained. The sister must be presented at once, or he should search for her among the young ladies of the Society. O ! *horrible*, a dashing young buck with mustaches, in among the white caps, square handks. and tight aprons, of those young misses, who never *dare dream* of a young man without confessing it as a crime, as it would not be allowed possible to dream of a young man unless she went to sleep thinking of one, and that no pure-minded Shaker girl should do.

May, nay ! Phebe should be called, the Elderess entered the room where Phebe sat at some light work. Smiling, said Phebe, I have been thinking of riding out this afternoon. I want you to see the vineyard at the Church. I believe you have not had any grapes yet. You will go with me, won't you. Phebe answered she would be most happy. The Elderess left the room, but returning as soon as she reached the lower entry, saying, well well, Phebe, we shall lose our ride to day, for your brother has come up, and Deaconess M. says he is in such a fidget to see you, as though we would not let you see him. And I suppose some one told him so. Well Phebe you can tell him better,—and now be calm and *dignified*. Remember your souls salvation depends much on your coolness towards him. Let him know, said the anointed of the Shaker God, that you have found that he knows nothing about. Yea, my dear little Phebe wants to to break these fleshly ties of old Adam. I know she will be a good obedient child of our dear Mother. Now Phebe, this morning you will win laurels in Mother's kingdom. There, smoothing the clothes down her back, and adjusting the Shaker's cap on her head, she continued, Mother's cap sets well on the heads of all her faithful children. It looks well on my dear Phebe, there my dear, go now, and I am sure if the Visionests were here, they could tell you what good spirit Mother has sent to accompany you to the office, and Phebe be careful don't grieve Mother's good angel. And wait, my dear, I want to say to you, I hope he will not stay after four o'clock, for if he goes at four we can have our ride to the vineyard, and to-morrow you must go with me to Harvard town and Shirley village. The brother left next morning ; but Phebe never heard of the vineyard, or the tour to Harvard and Shirley after the dangerous young man had left, with a promise of returning in one year from the West.

Any person having a desire to leave the Society must not

mention it to any one till they confess it to the Elders. They are then "labored with," and through fear of loosing their souls, or not finding the world a fitting place for one so TENDERLY REARED, they are often persuaded to stay awhile longer.

At one time two young men left Boston, and joined the Shakers, having no property to lose, and after working rather hard one or two years, they began to think of returning to Boston again. Accordingly they went out to the burying-ground to talk the matter over. The Elder observed this and followed at a little distance in the fogg. The two worthies sat down on a grave, and laid their plan to be carried into execution on Monday. The Elder heard all ;—hastening back to the house, repaired at once to a sister who could rhyme a little. He told her the conversation he had heard and requested a few lines thrown together, to be sung at the standing meeting that evening, when said the holy man, they will think the angels must have told us about the dollar a day in the hotel. That evening the "turnaways" entered the meeting with hands folded, and eyes down as solemn as the most arrant Shaker in the procession, what was their surprise when, instead of hearing the very solemn song of—"Arise and shine O Zion," the Elders and Deacons broke in full voice—

As I walked out among the graves,
The morning wet and muggy,
I heard the plaint of Shaker slaves,
That put me in a study.

How hard I work—how it does look,
Just for my clothes and victuals,
I'd rather be a hotel cook,
Among the pots and kettles.

There I should only work by sperts,
And daily earn my dollar,
And if I should have ragged shirts,
I would have a handsome collar.

These young men did not stay to hear the rest of their well laid plan reversed ; but left Shaker ground that very night for parts unknown.

CHAPTER X.

" ORDERS AND GIFTS."

As copied from a list of "Orders and Gifts" hanging over the chimney piece of a chamber.

Every person must rise from their beds at the sound of the "first trumpet," kneel in silence on the place where you first placed your foot when getting out of bed. No speaking in the room unless you wish to ask a question of a sister having the care of the room, in that case *whisper*. Throw a cloth over your shoulders, and comb your hair before dressing. Clean your comb and spring your cloth out of the window, then put them in the proper place. Dress your right foot first. Dress your right arm first. Be ready to march out of the chamber in procession at the sound of the "second trumpet." Step your right foot first. (No two young girls occupy the same bed. An old believer and a young girl must sleep together if possible.) At the sound of the "second trumpet," march in order, giving your right side to your superior. Walk on your toes. Fold your left hand across your stomach. Let your right hand fall at your side. March to your workshops in order. No asking unnecessary questions. Do all your duty without grumbling. If you see any one out of "order" you must report it to your Elder before evening meeting. If you think of your relatives or the world, you must confess it at once, before the spirit fastens to you. The breakfast "trumpet" will sound ten minutes before the little bell rings, you must leave the first moment walk to the long hall. Sit with your eyes cast on the floor. Clasp your hands pinching down the forefinger of each hand with the thumb, this is called retiring. Observe perfect silence. At the sound of the little bell the Elderess will rise, the Deaconess next, and so on in your own order. You will not raise your eyes till you return to your work. Walk on your toes. Walk in procession. Kneel in silence before eating. Never speak while eating, if you want more than is on your "square" you must wait till the kitchen woman

passes. You must not up look and down on the table to see what is on the other "squares." You must not cast your eyes at the brothers table. Leave the table in the same order in which you go to it. Go directly to your work shop. Resume the labor for the day, determined to observe every "gift or order." Carry no work to the dwelling house. You have no right to return to your chamber after leaving it in the morning, till you prepare for evening meeting. No sister must go across the road from the house except the Elders or "care folks." Never look at the worlds folks. Never enter the kitchen at any time between meals. If you are too late seek the Elders and confess the reason, and get permission to go to the kitchen, and be thankful for even a crust. Read no publications but our own. Never tell what the Elders say to you. Bear whatever punishment is put upon you without ill humor. Keep the fear of God before your eyes. Never ask a crying child what troubles it, it is the "gift" to mind your own business. Never ask any questions about the sale of your own manufacture. No sister allowed to speak to a brother on any plea. Those persons who held the relations of husband and wife in the order of the world, must bear in mind that this relation is not recognized here. Parents must not interfere if their children are corrected before them by persons having the care of them. If you are accused by your superiors wrongfully never contradict them before others ; but wait an opportunity to tell them they are mistaken or misinformed. Never say that you have suffered for that of which you never were guilty ; it is better to suffer wrongfully than to escape when you really need punishment. Never go out of the shop alone. Never go out of sight of the house without consent of the Elders, and then two or more together. Never go without an old believer for protection. Never speak friendly of a "turnaway." Never tie your cap strings, fold your neckerchief large enough to conceal your waist. Have your neck concealed by your neckcloth, buttoning up to the chin. Your cap must conceal a side view of your face. Never look at the world in the meeting house. Never go into meeting with any thing unconfessed on your mind. It is against the "gift" to copy the "gifts and orders."

The above copy of "gifts and orders" do not comprise one third of the original list.

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